1795 N 1

Audax et Vigilans.

POSITIVE JOHN;

OR,

NOTHING CAN CURE HIM.

A new Lyric Ballad, on the UNION.

AIR.—*Norah n'Kheeſtagh.*

I.

Immerged in Wars,
Tattowed with Scars,
Poor Jacky Bull repented,
A War to wage,
With Gallic Rage,
That ever he had conſented.
Odzooks, ſays he,
I ſure might ſee,
If my Wits were ſomewhat riper,
That wrangles in France were nothing to me,
But now I muſt "pay the Piper."

II.

My Gallant Troops,
In numberleſs Groups,
I packed off all to Flanders,
To aid the Dutch,
A lubberly Clutch,
Who called them ſenſeleſs Ganders.
The Belgic Stork
My Gallant York
Endeavoured to teach new Paces,
And ſhewed his Heels were light as Cork
By winning the *Dunkirk Races.*

III.

To mangle and maul
The graceleſs Gaul,
I formed the grand Alliance,
With German, Pruſs,
With Turk and Ruſs,
But France ſet us all at Defiance.
From Head to Foot,
From *Beaver* to *Boot*
I ſmell of rank taxation,
Thought duped, I'll ſtill maintain the Suit,
And ſubſidize each Nation.

IV.

From Eaſt to Weſt,
Though ſore oppreſſed,
And peſtered in each direction,
The kelter I'll riſe,
And D——n my Eyes,
But France ſhall have ſound Correction.
Both Houſe and Lawn
I'll Pledge and Pawn,
Till a Monarchy I can make her,
And when all other means are gone,
I'll Pillage poor *Thady's* Acre.

V.

The Iriſh too,
A troubleſome Crew,
Seem tired of my Connexion,
They grumble and Growl,
But *Manim en Doul*
If they ſha'n't *feel* my Protection.
The Paddies may boaſt
That at free Coſt
My Troops and Fleets to defend them,
But dearly they muſt pay for the roaſt,
As ſoon as I've time to attend them.

VI.

My Friend *Will Pitt*
Is a Codger of wit,
A trap for the Iriſh he baited,
With Penſion and Place
For a Scurvy Race,
Whom *Patt* in his ——te has ſeated,
The Paſs they'll ſell,
As time will tell,
On Orange-Boy—and Defender,
And both, for them, may travel to Hell,
The Devil, the Pope, or Pretender.

VII.

"Divide and rule,"
The Roman School,
Has taught the Engliſh Nation,
Is th' only way
To hectoring ſway,
And abſolute domination.
The *Yankees* proved,
Too far removed,
For my ſucceſsful practice,
But *Grauna Weal*—my well-beloved!
Can anſwer what the fact is.

VIII.

Both Father and Son,
To fight for ſun,
I've cauſed for mere diverſion,
And Friend—and Brother,
Deſtroyed each other,
And thus I kept both in coercion.
With Britain's Cauſe,
And Engliſh Laws,
Patt's leagued in cloſe Communion,
But leaſt he might eſcape my claws,
I'll tip Mr. Paddy an *Union.*

IX.

Oh then how I'll fleece
The Iriſh Geeſe!
The devil a feather I'll leave them;
At my National Debt,
They may fume and fret,
And ſay that I want to enſlave them:
For Laws I've made
They'll have free trade,
With a plentifnl ſhare of my Taxes,
And he that *ſquints* at the changes made,
Shall traffick in gibbets and axes

X.

"Blood and Ounds" ſays Patt,
"John, what are you at
"Do you think I have loſt my reaſon?
"I'll ſtand up *tight*,
"For my Country's right,
"And that I think no Treaſon;
"Our King we'll love,
"Our loyalty prove,
"Maintain our Conſtitution.
"And joined as one,
"You'll find us, John,
"All firm to *this* Reſolution.

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